

## Car Radio

by sybrann

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## Car Radio

Author's Note: This is me feeling down.

Song: \_Car Radio \_by Twenty-One Pilots

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><p>Edd was stumped. He had an assignment for his English Class that was due the next week and for the first time in his life, Edd's brain was useless. His usual racing thoughts were gone, replaced by what could almost be described as eerie silence. So as he sat in his lonely home in the middle of a broken cul-de-sac that was once filled with friends, the genius threw his chewed up pencil down and stomped up to his room. Maybe if he curled himself up in the plush blankets of his bed and got a good night's rest, inspiration would come to him.<p>

And so it did.

The next morning Edd woke up late. With school starting at 7:50, he ended up finally jumping out of bed at 7:30. Racing to get ready, he grabbed a set of his clothes that were thankfully set out the day before and hopped in the shower. Not even ten minutes later, Edd was practically running out of the bathroom with his shirt hanging around his neck. After tugging it on quickly, Edd grabbed his homework from the previous night and put it in his messenger bag before grabbing his keys and heading out the front door. Like hell was he going to let his perfect attendance record slip away from him in his junior year of high school.

Once the genius had slid into the driver's seat of his new (used)

Volvo s60 that he had bought from an older woman's yard, Edd immediately turned on the radio to calm his frazzled mind. Then he promptly pulled out of his driveway and tried not to go over the speed limit on his way to the local high school. The songs on the radio always managed to soothe his concerning thoughts.

Edd managed to get to the school five minutes before the final bell. Pulling into his allotted slot, he got out of the car and practically ran into the school in order to maintain his pristine record. Throughout the day, he was teased mercilessly. Edd had walked into his first class with his shirt on inside out from his morning haste and the hair that did show from under his hat was a tangled mess.

"It's fine, Edd. You still look cute."

Edd gave Kevin his stern face, but it merely came off as a pout. The older teen chuckled a little as he leaned against one of the neighboring lockers, looking around a little just in case one of his team mates were to walk around the corner. The two had been dating for the better part of a year, Kevin was still very much in the metaphorical closet. And they both knew that in a small town like Peach Creek, their lifestyle wasn't one to be lived without fear. Edd thought the people in town were ignorant for letting their fears get the best of them, ruining any life that threatened homosexuality.

The genius was about to say something, but was interrupted by the sound of boisterous laughter. When Kevin immediately straightened up and backed away from him, Edd knew it was a group of the redhead's friends. Seeing his boyfriend shoot an apologetic glance his way, the other merely looked down at the ground as he waited.

"Hey, faggot." one of the football players said, still laughing with his friends. Edd kept his pale blue eyes on the ground as the slurs were thrown at him, and Kevin did what he always did when this happened; he stood by his friends dutifully and watched the scene play out.

"Aye, Jake was talkin' to you. Are you deaf, fag?" another one said, creeping closer and resting a meaty hand next to Edd's head on the lockers behind them.

"No, "

"Then don't be rude. Say hello."

Before Edd had a chance to respond, the unnamed football player retracted his hand from the lockers and hit him harshly on the side of his head. Edd let out a small whimper as he felt the dull pain, but also when the books were simultaneously shoved out of his arms by someone else. Papers scattered across the floor in every which direction, but Edd knew that he wouldn't have the strength to pick them all up by the end of this. The group of bullies surrounded the small junior and Edd couldn't help but let his eyes flicker up to meet Kevin's hard green ones, only to find nothing but steeled emotions.

Later, the genius sat slumped against the lockers at the end of it all. Kevin had thankfully walked away with his fellow football

players after they were done, Edd didn't even want to be near him at the moment. Usually the redhead would just stand back and keep himself out of the fray, but today he was dragged in. They egged him on. What would they say if he didn't strike the smaller teen in the face?

Edd wiped the blood from his face with the sleeve of his shirt, not even caring that it would ruin the fabric. He wasn't sure where the thick liquid was oozing from, but once again he found himself without care. Edd eventually pulled himself up from his spot on the floor and limped out of the school. He was already a half hour late for his second period so there was no doubt that the teacher had already marked him as absent and Edd kissed his perfect attendance goodbye.

When he had finally managed to drag himself out to his car and slid inside, Edd checked himself out. He had a split lip, too many bruises to count, and two black eyes from his now crooked nose. Mother and Father would not be happy about the upcoming medical bills. When Edd went to flip the radio on to distract him from his rapidly darkening thoughts, his fingers touched nothing but an empty slot.

In his haste that morning, the genius had forgotten to lock his car. Someone had stolen his radio and Edd cried for the first time in a long time.

Everything that had been building up for the past year came flooding out. His absent parents, his lacking spot on Kevin's list of priorities, the beatings, the stress, \_the depression...\_

And now he had to sit in silence.

Much like the previous night, Edd was sitting inside his lonely home at his kitchen table. His thoughts were all but consuming him and yet- he had finally found inspiration for his English Project. It was a poem.

\_I ponder the thought of something great- m\_\_y lungs will fill and then deflate.\_

\_They fill with fire, exhale desire. \_\_I know it's dire, my time today.\_

\_I have these thoughts, so often I ought to replace that slot,\_

\_With what I once bought 'cause somebody stole my car radio-\_

\_And now I just sit in silence.\_

\_Sometimes quiet is violent; I find it hard to hide it.\_

\_My pride is no longer inside, it's on my sleeve.\_

\_My skin will scream, reminding me of who I killed inside my dream.\_

\_I hate this car I'm driving. There's no hiding for me.\_

\_I'm forced to deal with what I feel. There's no distraction to mask

what is real-\_\_

\_I could pull the steering wheel.\_\_

\_I have these thoughts, so often I sought to replace that slot,\_\_

\_With what I once bought 'cause somebody stole my car radio-\_\_

\_And now I just sit in silence.\_\_

...

Edd reread the piece of paper a few times before setting it on top of his messenger bag for anyone to find.

Looking out the bay window of his home, he saw the sun start to rise in the horizon. Thoughts swirled inside his head like a swarm of bees threatening to escape. Why did he have to live this way? Why didn't his parents want to see him? Why didn't Kevin come to see if he was okay after school? \_Why didn't anyone care?\_

The silence was almost like an answer to him.

He didn't need to be here at all.

Edd grabbed his keys off of the table and walked out into the early morning sun. No one would be up this early, so no one would have to see him go.

Sliding into the driver's seat for the last time, Edd almost went to reach for the radio. Instead, he burned holes into the empty slot with his stare- cursing whoever had taken the one thing away that was able to give him peace. As the genius pulled out of the sleeping cul-de-sac, he couldn't help but feel relieved at what he was finally leaving behind.

Now if he could only manage to get through the almost suffocating silence until he could find his way to the local ravine.

End  
file.